

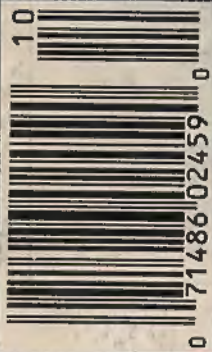
MARVEL

DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

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247
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AUTHORITY



Stan Lee PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!**TM

UNDERGROUND MANHATTAN.
A CRUMBLING, EVER-MOVING,
OIL SLICK LANDSCAPE.

GLINT OF EYES, GLEAM OF TEETH,
SMELL OF MUSK, THE BLEACH BONE
WHITE GLARE OF SKELETAL REMAINS.
AN OMINOUS, FURTIVE TERRAIN.

I
REMEMBER...

I DO...

I REMEMBER
BACK...

BACK
THEN WHEN
THINGS
WERE...

THEY
WERE...

THE SLUSH-
GLUMPH-SKKLUP
OF SOMETHING
PULLING OUT OF THE
VISCIDUS GLUEY MUCK
THAT CLINGS EVERY-
WHERE.

THINGS
WERE...

...BACK
THEN.

I
REMEMBER.

**THE BACK-
WARDS
MAN**

skklup!

ANN
NOCENTI
WRITER

KEITH
GIPPEN
PENCILS

DAVE
HUNT
INKER

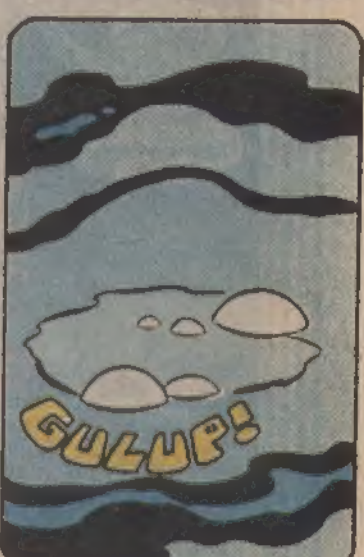
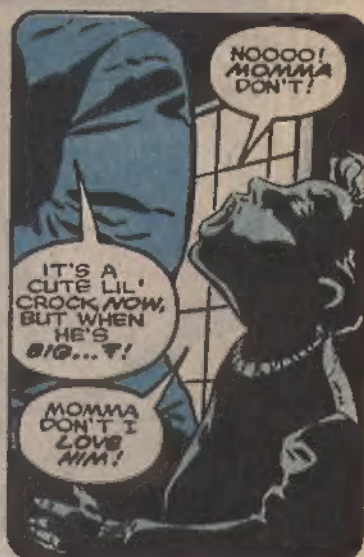
JANICE
CHIANG
LETTERS

MAX
SCHEELE
COLORS

RALPH
MACCHIO
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JIM
SHOOTER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

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STRONG MEMORY. HE NEVER FORGAVE HIS MOTHER FOR THAT ONE.

WE'LL KEEP THIS MEMORY. GIVE IT A BLUE WIRE.

DOCTOR...

DOCTOR? CAN I REALLY KEEP THIS ONE, DOC?

IT HURTS, BUT I LIKE THIS ONE, DOC.

A BLUE MEMORY.

BLUE PAIN.



GET BACK, YOU CROCK!

GET BACK WHERE YOU BELONG! SHUT UP! GO AWAY!



spooooossh!
KR-KSSSSSK!

FIND, AT A CIA-
CONNECTED
GOVERNMENTAL
RESEARCH GROUP
OUTSIDE NEW YORK
CITY...

THAT'S
HIM--AGENT
CROCK. HE'S
THE SECOND
RENEGADE
THIS MONTH.

AND THE
FIRST AGENT
TO BOLT WAS
HAZZARD, RIGHT?
THE STIFF ON THE
TABLE? YOU
BETTER REVIEW
HIS CASE FOR
ME, DOC.

ALL
RIGHT,
FORBES.

THIS IS
AGENT
HAZZARD.

PROJECT
REPTILE WAS AN
INITIAL SUCCESS
ON HIM.

WE HAD STRIPPED HIS BRAIN
BACK TO GIVE HIM ACCESS TO
HIS REPTILIAN CORE, AND
SUPPLIED IT WITH A POWER
SOURCE-- THE POTENT JUICE
OF HIS ANGRIEST AND MOST
VIOLENT MEMORIES.

THE COMBINATION WAS
BRILLIANT. IT CREATED
A MORE INSTINCTUAL,
REACTIVE BRAIN, AND THUS
PERFECT FOR COMBAT.

BUT SOMETHING WENT HAYWIRE
AND HE DISAPPEARED. WE
SENT AGENT WIDOW OUT
TO REEL HIM IN.

SHE SHOT
HIM RIGHT
BETWEEN
THE EYES.

A NICE
PIECE OF
WORK--SHE'S
QUITE THE
REPTILE
HERSELF, THAT
WIDOW.

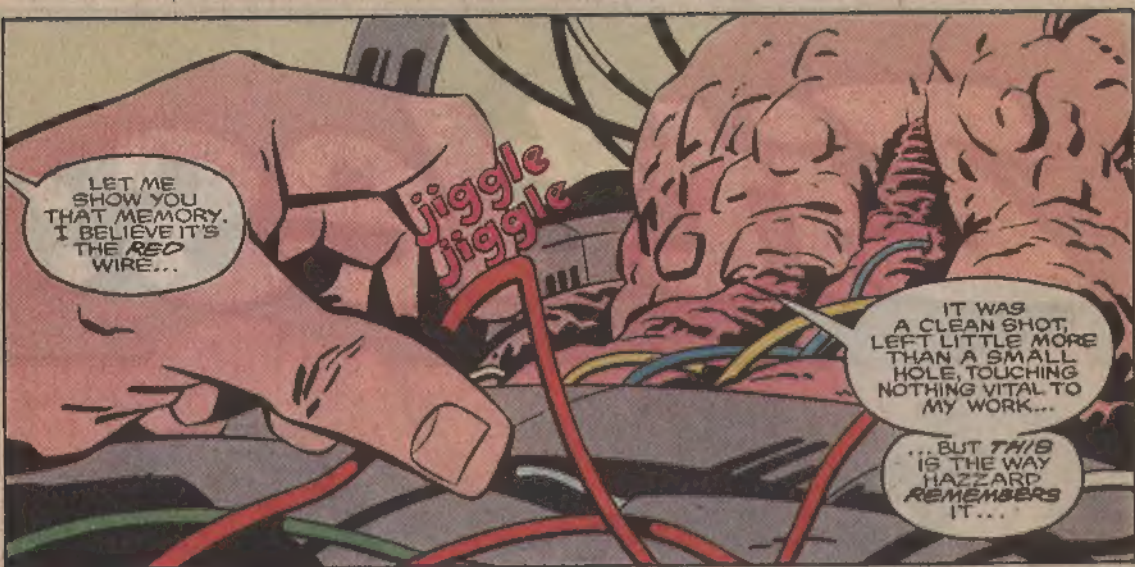
YEAH, I REMEMBER SHE
ALWAYS REFUSED TO CARRY
A GUN, SAID IT WAS A SIGN
OF WEAKNESS TO USE
ANY CRUTCH.

I THINK
UNDERNEATH
SHE'S A BROAD
WHO WISHES
SHE WERE
A GRUNT.

HUMPH.

WELL, IT MUST
HAVE REALLY
BOtherED HER
TO SHOOT
HAZZARD,
ESPECIALLY
WITH HIS OWN
GUN.

IN ISSUE #236.
-R.M.



LET ME SHOW YOU THAT MEMORY. I BELIEVE IT'S THE RED WIRE...

jiggle jiggle

IT WAS A CLEAN SHOT, LEFT LITTLE MORE THAN A SMALL HOLE, TOUCHING NOTHING VITAL TO MY WORK...

...BUT THIS IS THE WAY HAZZARD REMEMBERS IT...



OUCH!

HE THINKS THE IMPACT BLEW HIS HEAD OFF!

COOL. CAN'T BELIEVE THE GRUNT'S STILL ALIVE.

SIMPLE, REALLY. I HAD PRE-CODED A FAILSAFE MECHANISM IN HIS BRAIN.

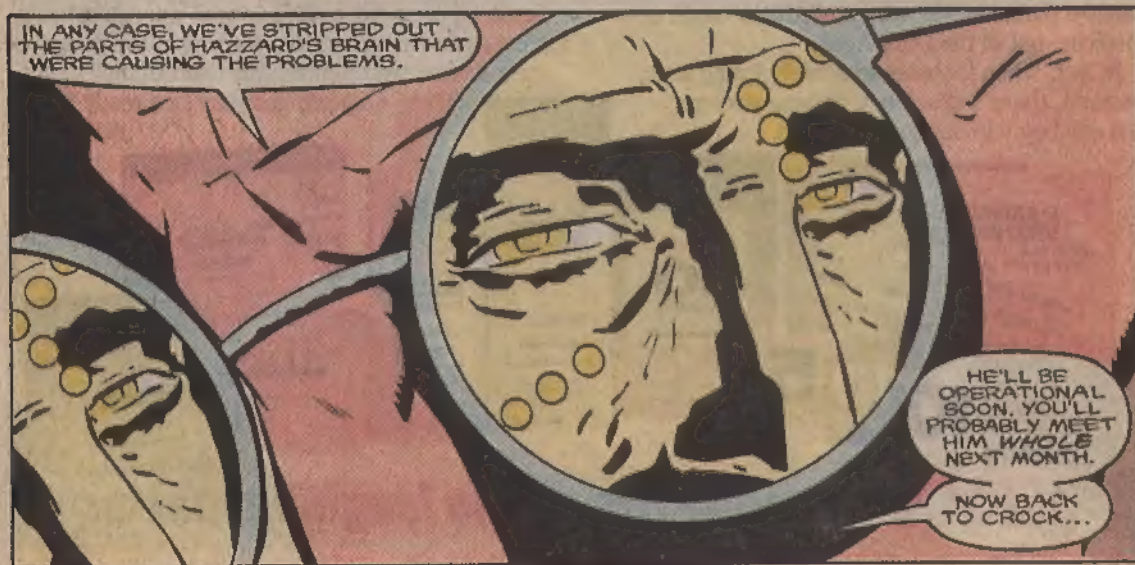
ANY SERIOUS WOUND THAT THREW HIM INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS AUTOMATICALLY KICKED OFF HIS HEART, LONG ENOUGH TO FEIGN DEATH.

WE HAD TRACERS ON WIDOW, SO WE WERE ABLE TO COLLECT HIM SWIFTLY, SOON AS THE BODY WAS LEFT ALONE.



AN' YOU'RE BUILDIN' BACK THE MISSIN' PARTS?

CRIPES, I HAD A FEW GOOD BUDDIES COULDA USED YOU IN 'NAM.



IN ANY CASE, WE'VE STRIPPED OUT THE PARTS OF HAZZARD'S BRAIN THAT WERE CAUSING THE PROBLEMS.

HE'LL BE OPERATIONAL SOON. YOU'LL PROBABLY MEET HIM WHOLE NEXT MONTH.

NOW BACK TO CROCK...

HE WAS A MINOR AGENT. WE FOUND HIM AFTER HE HAD APPARENTLY THROWN HIMSELF OFF A CLIFF.

WE HAD JUST FINISHED PROJECT REPTILE ON HIM, AND WE WERE PROGRAMMING HIM TO REEL THE WIDOW IN BECAUSE SHE DISAPPEARED AFTER THE HAZZARD AFFAIR. THEN HE ESCAPED, RIPPED HIMSELF OUT OF THE ELECTRODE HELMET.

'WITH THE WIRES STILL ATTACHED TO HIS WORST MEMORIES, IT'S POSSIBLE HE'S YANKING THEM, PLAYING THEM OVER AND OVER.

IT'S CURIOUS. HE HAD A PARTICULARLY TRAUMATIC PAST. IF A MAN HAS TOO MANY TRAUMAS EARLY ON IN HIS CHILDHOOD, THE MEMORIES ARE TOO VIVID AND PAINFUL TO IGNORE.

HE'LL SPEND HIS LIFE FACING IN THE *WRONG DIRECTION*, RUNNING TOWARDS AN *EVER-RECEDING PAST*.

I CALL AGENT CROCK MY *BACKWARDS MAN*.

WE HAVEN'T A CLUE AS TO WHERE HE IS. MY GUESS IS HE'S FOLLOWING THE INCOMPLETE PROGRAM TO TRACK THE WIDOW.

NO MATTER, HE'LL TURN UP SOMEWHERE, ON SOME POLICE OR INSTITUTIONAL RECORD, AND WE'LL RE-ACQUIRE HIM.

IT JUST REMAINS TO BE SEEN HOW *BLOODY* A TRAIL HE LEAVES.

THE MIND OF MATT MURDOCK. IT'S A WORLD LIKE NONE OTHER, A BLACK WORLD, RELENTLESSLY BOMBARDED BY THE BLARE AND SCREAM OF SOUNDS AND SMELLS THE REST OF US ARE OBVIOUS TO.

A CHILDHOOD ACCIDENT BLINDED HIM, BUT HE DEVELOPED A RADAR BETTER THAN SIGHT, AND HIS OTHER SENSES HEIGHTENED TO A SOMETIMES EXCRUCIATING DEGREE.

SWOOSH
SWOOSH

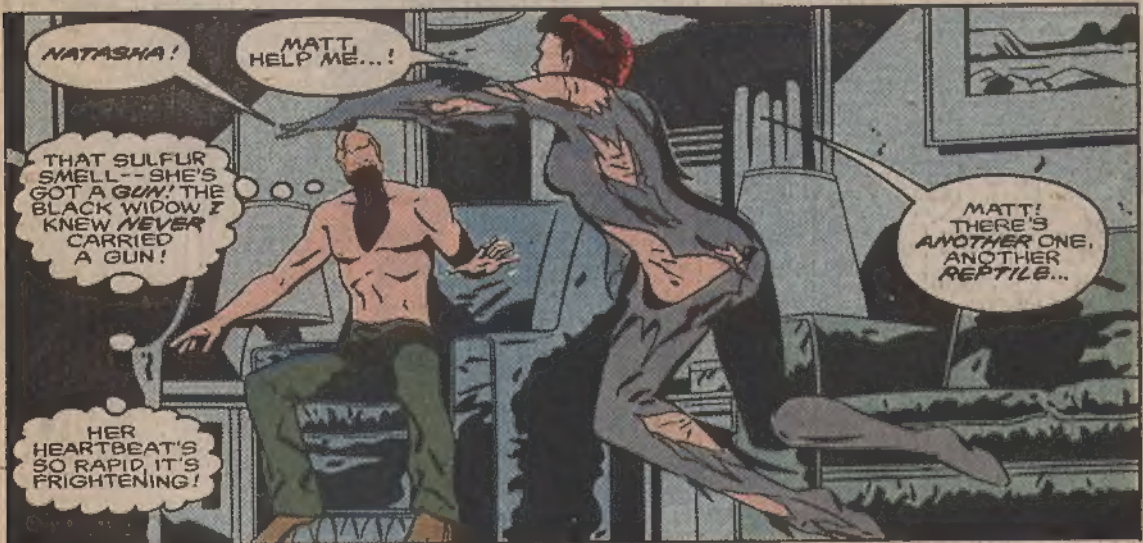
STOMP STOMP STOMP

THEY TOUCHED THE CURTAIN WHEN THEY WENT THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW.

THEY'RE VERY GOOD, BUT NO ONE CAN SNEAK PAST MY SENSES.

THAT SMELL... OF MUSK... AND SOMETHING ELSE, SOMETHING FAMILIAR...

SOMEONE'S TRYING TO FIGHT ON THE LEDGE OUTSIDE.



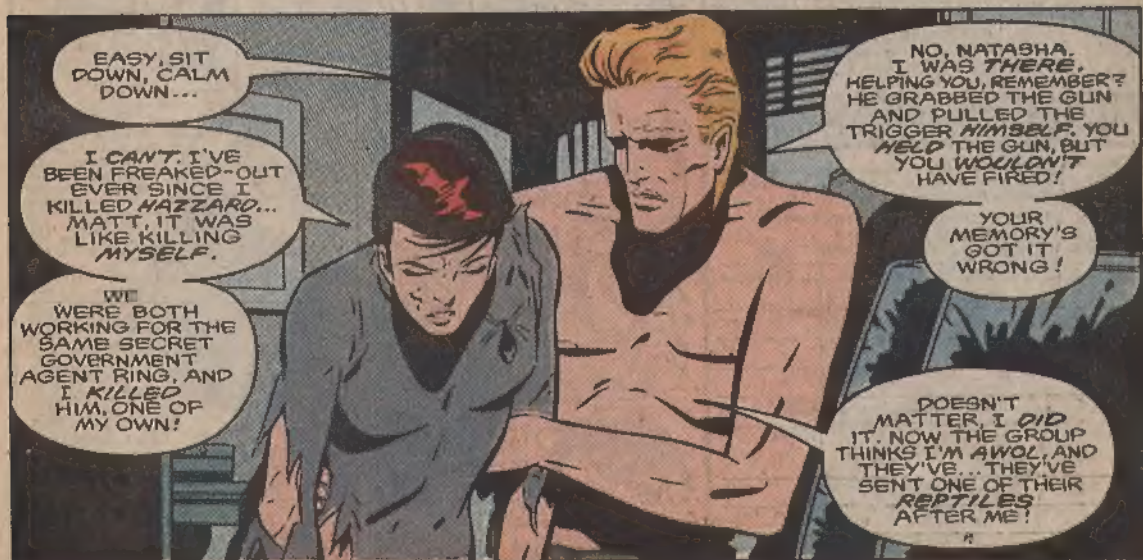
NATASHA!

MATT, HELP ME...!

THAT SULFUR SMELL - SHE'S GOT A GUN! THE BLACK WIDOW? KNEW NEVER CARRIED A GUN!

HER HEARTBEAT'S SO RAPID IT'S FRIGHTENING!

MATT! THERE'S ANOTHER ONE, ANOTHER REPTILE...



EASY, SIT DOWN, CALM DOWN...

I CAN'T. I'VE BEEN FREAKED-OUT EVER SINCE I KILLED HAZZARD... MATT, IT WAS LIKE KILLING MYSELF.

WE WERE BOTH WORKING FOR THE SAME SECRET GOVERNMENT AGENT RING, AND I KILLED HIM, ONE OF MY OWN!

NO, NATASHA, I WAS THERE, HELPING YOU, REMEMBER? HE GRABBED THE GUN AND PULLED THE TRIGGER HIMSELF, YOU HELD THE GUN, BUT YOU WOULDN'T HAVE FIRED!

YOUR MEMORY'S GOT IT WRONG!

DOESN'T MATTER, I DID IT. NOW THE GROUP THINKS I'M AWOL, AND THEY'VE... THEY'VE SENT ONE OF THEIR REPTILES AFTER ME!

THIS ONE'S ALL SCREWDY,
HE'S CRAZY... BUT HE'S
STILL LIKE HAZZARD, JUST
LIKE ME-- HE'S ONE OF
MY OWN KIND!



THE MEMORY OF
KILLING HAZZARD
FILLS MY MIND, IT
REPLAYS OVER
AND OVER, MATT!

I CAN'T STOP THE MEMORY!
WHEN THIS AGENT, THIS
CROCK ATTACKED ME, I
ALMOST LET HIM
KILL ME!

I JUST COULDN'T KILL
HIM! I CAN'T DO IT! I'M
AFRAID, IF HE FINDS ME
AGAIN, I'LL JUST LET
HIM KILL ME, I KNOW
IT...



NO, NATASHA,
YOU'RE BETTER
THAN THAT... YOU'VE
GOT TO GET BACK
ON THE HORSE
AND RIDE...

... KILL
THAT MEMORY
OR USE IT FOR
SOMETHING
GOOD.

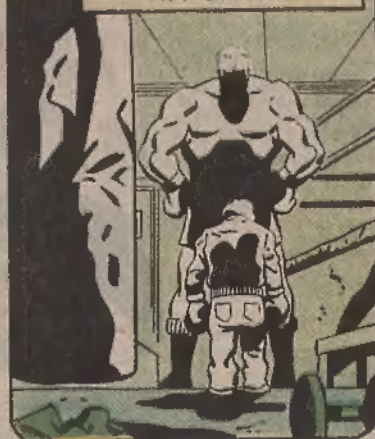
HOWE!

WHEN I WAS YOUNG, I
WANTED TO BE JUST LIKE
MY DAD-- A GREAT
FIGHTER.



SO I'D WORK
OUT IN THE
GYM-- BUT ONE
DAY DAD
CAUGHT ME.
HE HIT ME
AND EVEN
THOUGH HE
WAS MY
FATHER, I
WANTED TO
HIT HIM BACK!

"HE KEPT HITTING
ME, BUT TOLD ME I
WAS TO BE NO
FIGHTER, I COULDN'T
HIT BACK!"



"HE TOLD ME I WAS
TO MAKE MYSELF INTO
SOMETHING BETTER
THAN A FIGHTER,
BETTER THAN HIM.

"I STILL
SECRETLY WENT
TO THE GYM,
BUT EVERY
TIME I TRIED
TO HIT THE
BAG-- I FELT
SICK!"



"BUT FINALLY I DID IT, I
OVERCAME THE BAD
MEMORY AND WAS ABLE
TO HIT THE BAG!"



"AND I HIT IT AND HIT
IT AND HIT IT..."



LIKE YOU'RE GOING TO
DO! IF YOU DON'T BEAT A
BAD MEMORY IT WILL TAKE
SWIPES AT YOU FROM YOUR
SUBCONSCIOUS FOR THE
REST OF YOUR LIFE!



PLEASE,
MATT, FIGHT
HIM FOR ME!
GAREDEVIL
CAN BEAT
HIM!

NO,
YOU'RE
NOT ONLY
GOING TO
FIGHT
HIM--

-- YOU'RE
GOING TO
SAVE HIM.

MMMMM... NOTHING LIKE
CLEAN CLOTHES, HOT
FROM THE DRYER!

LIFE IS SO CRAZY--
SOMETIMES DOING
THE BORING AND
REPETITIVE THINGS
LIKE LAUNDRY
BECOME A COMFORT.

SPIN
ROUND

SPIN ROUND
AND ROUND,
TUMBLE
ROUND

TUMBLE
BACK

AND
BACK
AND
BACK

MMM... MY WHITE DRESS, SPOTLESS
AND CLEAN, I LOVE IT!

25¢ PER
LOAD

TUMBLE
ROUND AND
BACK AND

WHITE

BACK...
TO WHITE
WIRE...

WHITE WIRE,
WHITE PAIN

jiggle
jiggle

BUT I HAVE TO
KNOW FOR SURE!

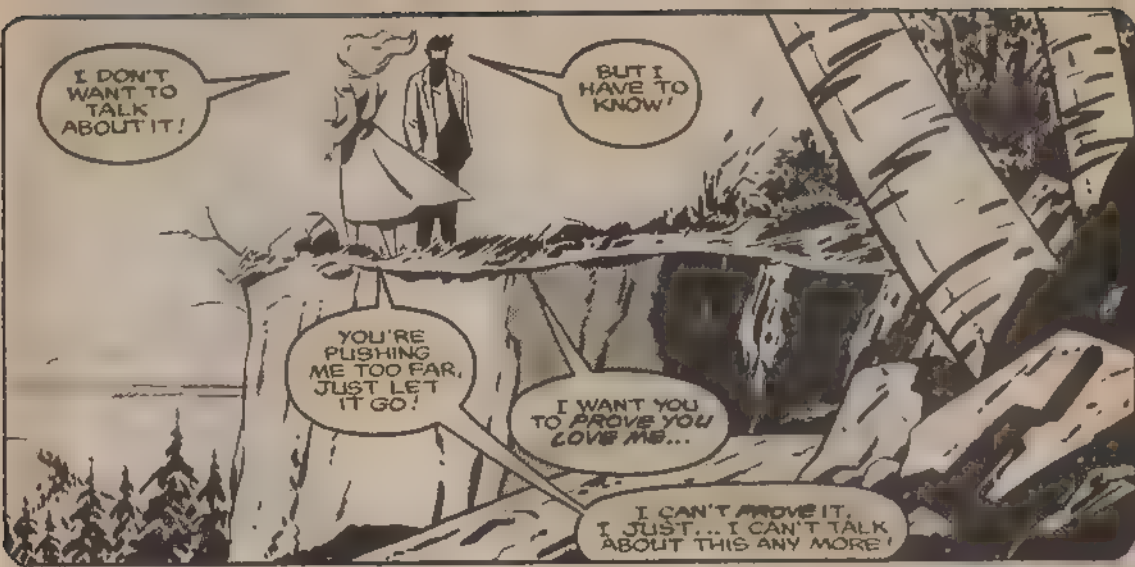
CAN'T YOU
PROVE IT TO
ME? MARY,
PLEASE!
PROVE YOU
LOVE ME!

OF
COURSE
I LOVE
YOU.

EXCEPT
WHEN YOU GET
LIKE THIS!

YOU
WISH I
WERE
DEAD.

HONEY, DON'T
BE RIDICULOUS!



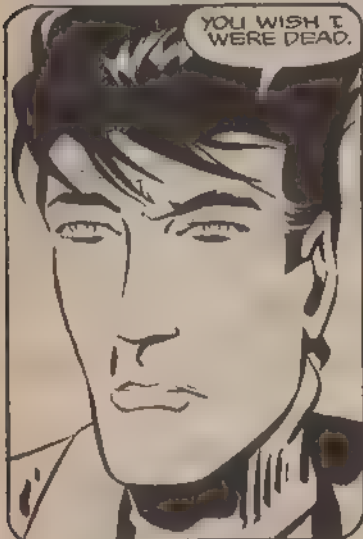
I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT!

BUT I HAVE TO KNOW!

YOU'RE PUSHING ME TOO FAR, JUST LET IT GO!

I WANT YOU TO PROVE YOU LOVE ME...

I CAN'T PROVE IT, I JUST... I CAN'T TALK ABOUT THIS ANY MORE!



YOU WISH I WERE DEAD.



STOP. JUST PLEASE STOP IT...

DON'T YOU SEE YOU'RE RUINING EVERYTHING?



SIR? SIR, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?



HEY-- EEEEEAAAA!

HSSSS... GET BACK!



SOON...

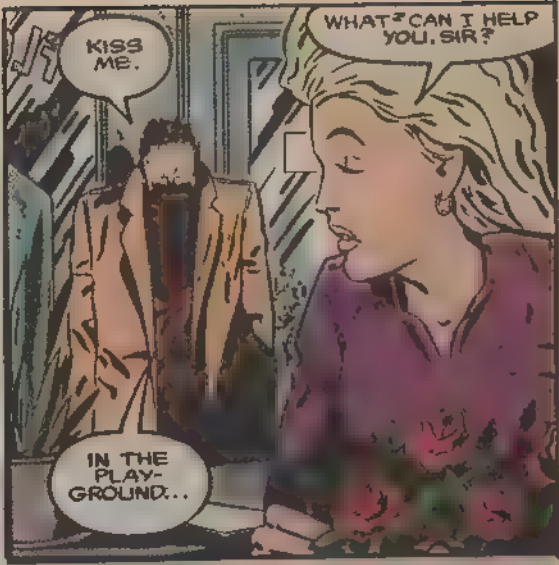
THAT HER?
COULD BE.

BAD
SUZIE.

BE RIGHT
WITH YOU!

WHY
DID YOU
DO IT?

'SCUSE
ME?



KISS
ME.

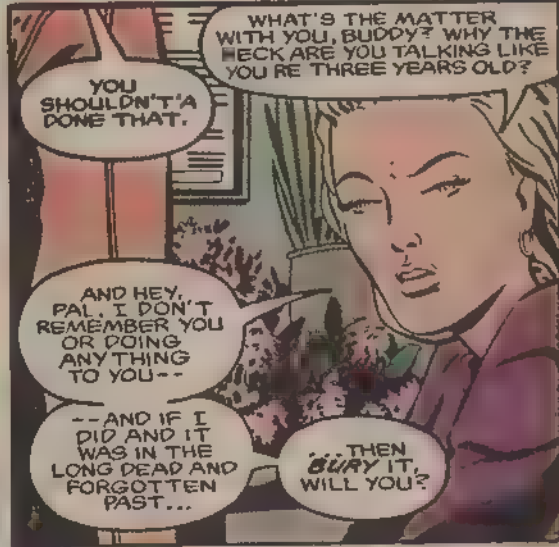
WHAT CAN I HELP
YOU, SIR?

IN THE
PLAY-
GROUND...



IT WAS PLAY-
TIME AND YOU
WANTED ME
TO AND I
KISSED YOU...

...AND YOU
SCREAMED AND
SCREAMED AND
THEY ALL
LAUGHED
AT ME...



WHAT'S THE MATTER
WITH YOU, BUDDY? WHY THE
HECK ARE YOU TALKING LIKE
YOU'RE THREE YEARS OLD?

YOU
SHOULDN'T'A
DONE THAT.

AND HEY,
PAL, I DON'T
REMEMBER YOU
OR DOING
ANYTHING
TO YOU--

--AND IF I
DID AND IT
WAS IN THE
LONG DEAD AND
FORGOTTEN
PAST...

THEN
BURY IT,
WILL YOU?



HEY LEAVE
THE LADY
ALONE AND GET
OUTTA MY
STORE!

YOU HEAR?
GIT GOIN'!




jiggle
jiggle

HAMMMMM

jiggle
jiggle


NO...
PLEASE,
NO..

jiggle



THIS IS
WHERE I LAST
SAW HIM. BUT
THIS ABANDONED
SUBWAY TUNNEL
NETWORK
STRETCHES UNDER
THE ENTIRE CITY.
HE COULD BE
ANYWHERE!

NO, YOU
PICKED UP A
MUSKY SCENT
FROM HIM. IT'S
OVERWHELMINGLY
STRONG NOW.
HE'S DOWN
HERE ALL
RIGHT.



LET'S GO
BACK UP
GET MORE
WEAPONS...

HUSH.

HEARTBEATS...
SLOW HEARTBEATS...
DOZENS OF THEM...
NOT HUMAN...

ALL AROUND
US... MOVING...
CLOSING IN...

WATCH
OUT--

CROCODILES!



SPOOSH!

SNAP!



TRY AND
WEDGE THEIR
JAWS OPEN!

KSSSH!
KSSSH!

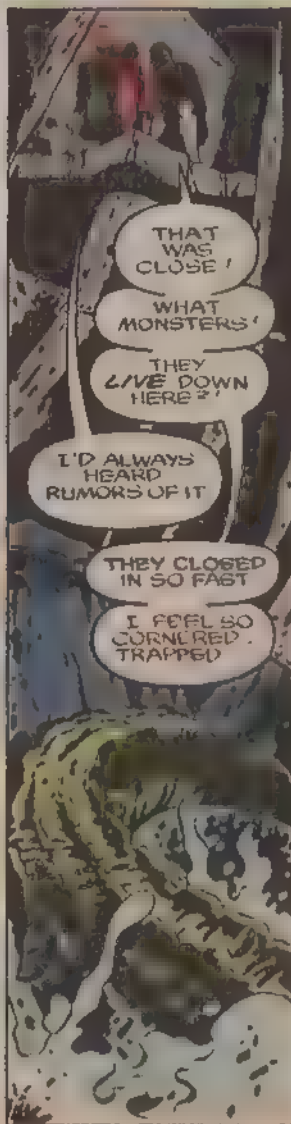
I'LL
WEDGE
'EM!



COME
THIS
WAY!

WE GOTTA
CLIMB!

SNAP!
SNAP!



THAT
WAS
CLOSE!

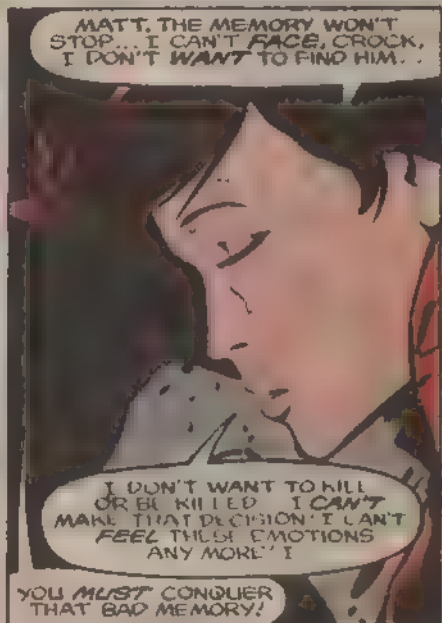
WHAT
MONSTERS!

THEY
LIVE DOWN
HERE!

I'D ALWAYS
HEARD
RUMORS OF IT

THEY CLOSED
IN SO FAST

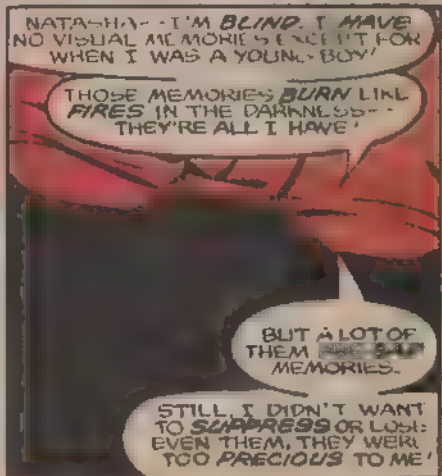
I FEEL SO
CORNERED.
TRAPPED



MATT, THE MEMORY WON'T
STOP... I CAN'T FACE, CROCK,
I DON'T WANT TO FIND HIM.

I DON'T WANT TO KILL
OR BE KILLED. I CAN'T
MAKE THAT DECISION. I CAN'T
FEEL THOSE EMOTIONS
ANY MORE. I

YOU MUST CONQUER
THAT BAD MEMORY!

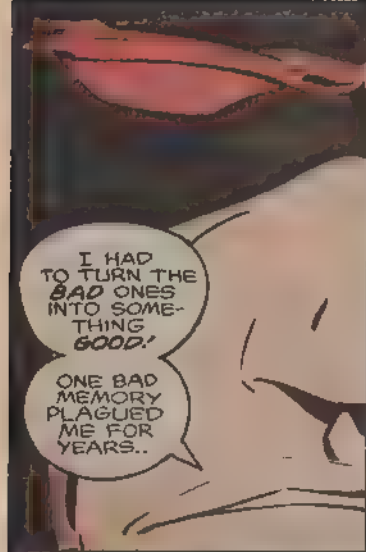


NATA-HA-- I'M BLIND. I HAVE
NO VISUAL MEMORIES EXCEPT FOR
WHEN I WAS A YOUNG BOY!

THOSE MEMORIES BURN LIKE
FIRES IN THE DARKNESS--
THEY'RE ALL I HAVE!

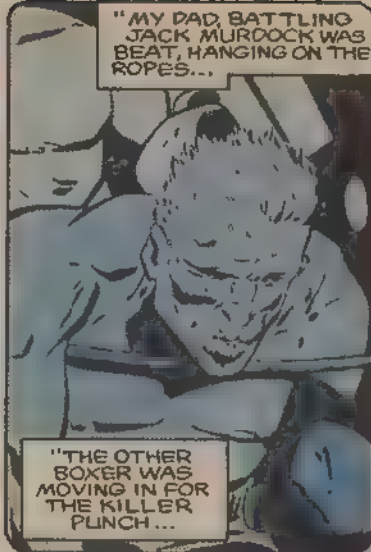
BUT A LOT OF
THEM ARE GOOD
MEMORIES.

STILL I DIDN'T WANT
TO SUPPRESS OR LOSE--
EVEN THEM, THEY WERE
TOO PRECIOUS TO ME!



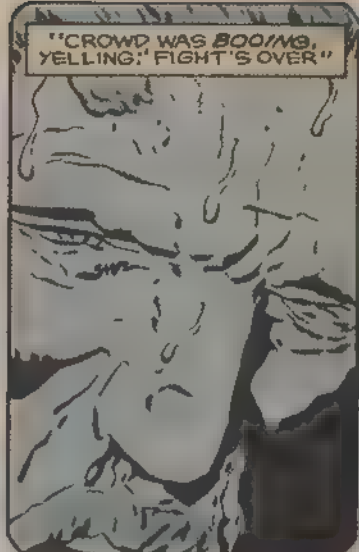
I HAD TO TURN THE BAD ONES INTO SOMETHING GOOD!

ONE BAD MEMORY PLAGUED ME FOR YEARS...

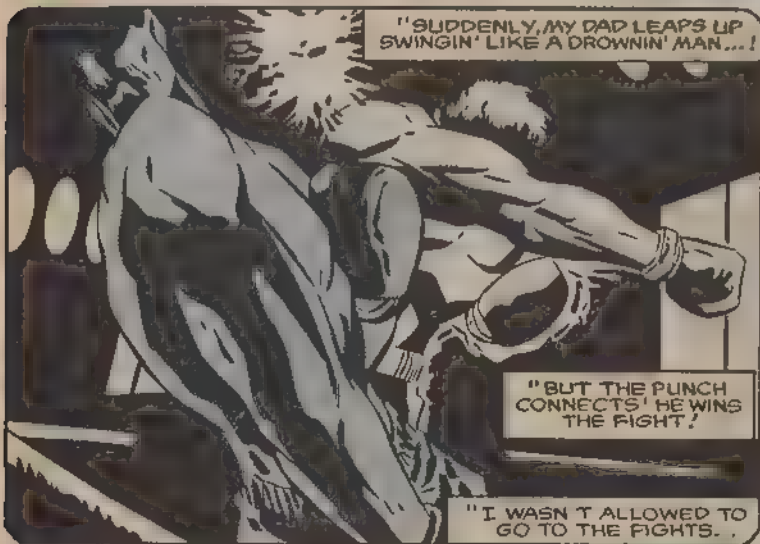


"MY DAD, BATTLING JACK MURDOCK WAS BEAT, HANGING ON THE ROPES..."

"THE OTHER BOXER WAS MOVING IN FOR THE KILLER PUNCH..."



"CROWD WAS BOOING, YELLING." FIGHT'S OVER"



"SUDDENLY, MY DAD LEAPS UP SWINGIN' LIKE A DROWNIN' MAN..."

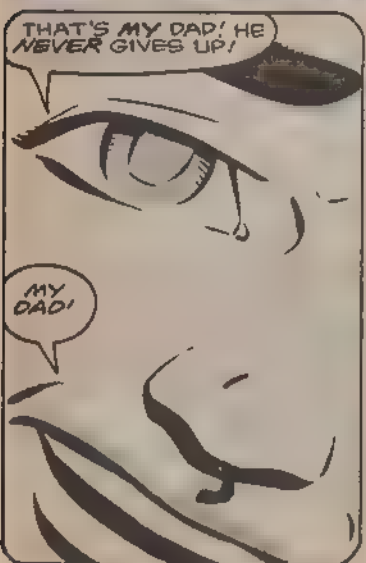
"BUT THE PUNCH CONNECTS! HE WINS THE FIGHT!"

"I WASN'T ALLOWED TO GO TO THE FIGHTS..."



"BUT I'D SNUCK IN THAT NIGHT..."

"AND I JUMPED TO MY FEET AND YELLED..."

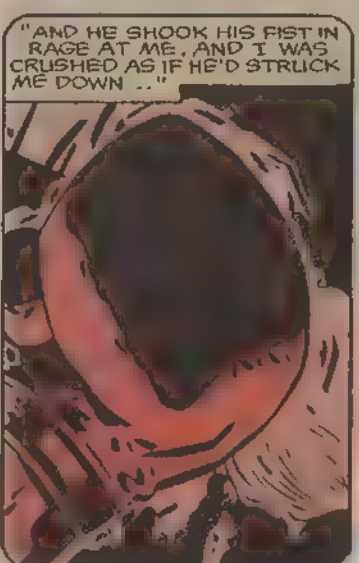


THAT'S MY DAD! HE NEVER GIVES UP!

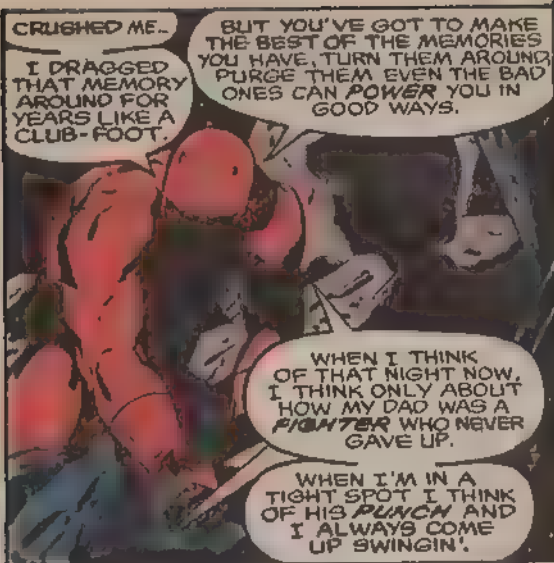
MY DAD!



"HE TURNED AND SAW ME AND THEN HE MUSTA SEEN RED CAUSE HE SCREAMED LIKE AN EXPLOSION-- 'HOW DARE YOU DISOBEY ME!'"



"AND HE SHOOK HIS FIST IN RAGE AT ME, AND I WAS CRUSHED AS IF HE'D STRUCK ME DOWN..."



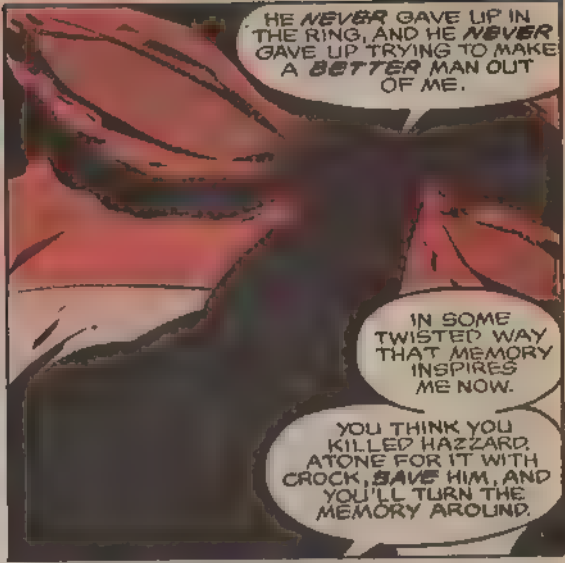
CRUSHED ME..

I DRAGGED THAT MEMORY AROUND FOR YEARS LIKE A CLUB-FOOT.

BUT YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE THE BEST OF THE MEMORIES YOU HAVE, TURN THEM AROUND, PURGE THEM EVEN THE BAD ONES CAN POWER YOU IN GOOD WAYS.

WHEN I THINK OF THAT NIGHT NOW, I THINK ONLY ABOUT HOW MY DAD WAS A FIGHTER WHO NEVER GAVE UP.

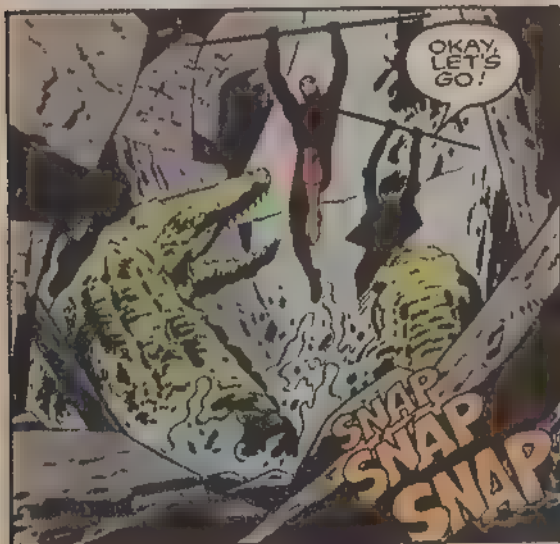
WHEN I'M IN A TIGHT SPOT I THINK OF HIS PUNCH AND I ALWAYS COME UP SWINGIN'.



HE NEVER GAVE UP IN THE RING, AND HE NEVER GAVE UP TRYING TO MAKE A BETTER MAN OUT OF ME.

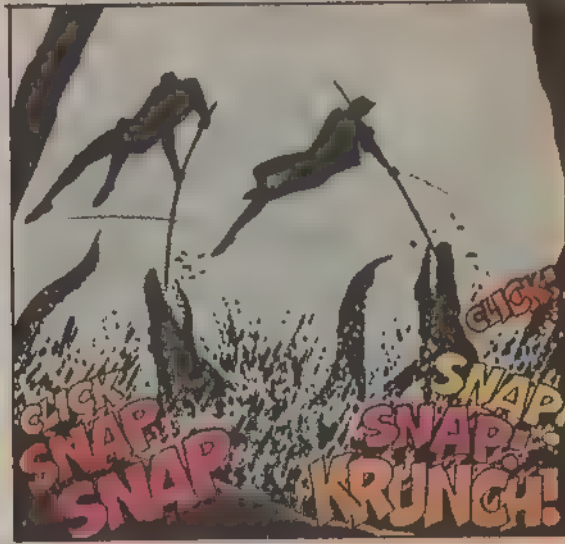
IN SOME TWISTED WAY THAT MEMORY INSPIRES ME NOW.

YOU THINK YOU KILLED HAZZARD, ATONE FOR IT WITH CROCK, SAVE HIM, AND YOU'LL TURN THE MEMORY AROUND.



OKAY, LET'S GO!

SNAP
SNAP
SNAP



CLICK
SNAP
SNAP
KRUNCH!



THAT'S HIM

WIDOW, BLACK WIDOW

BRING HER BACK REEL HER IN



RED WIRE
REPTILE
WIRE
REPTILE
RED MIND

I'M
REPTILE.

YES SIR.
YES
DOCTOR

REEL
HER IN.



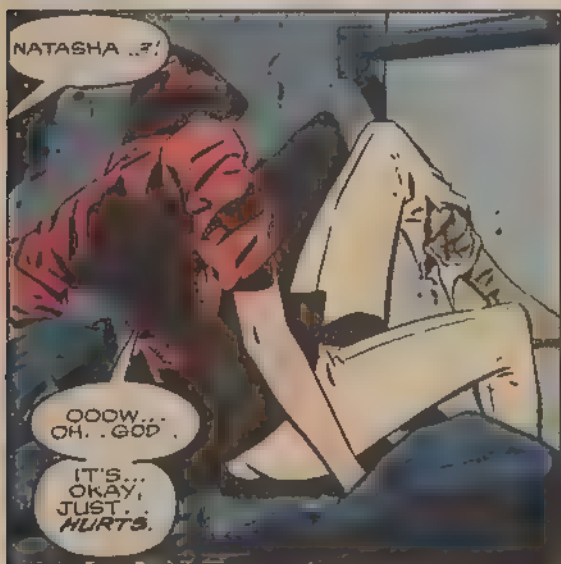
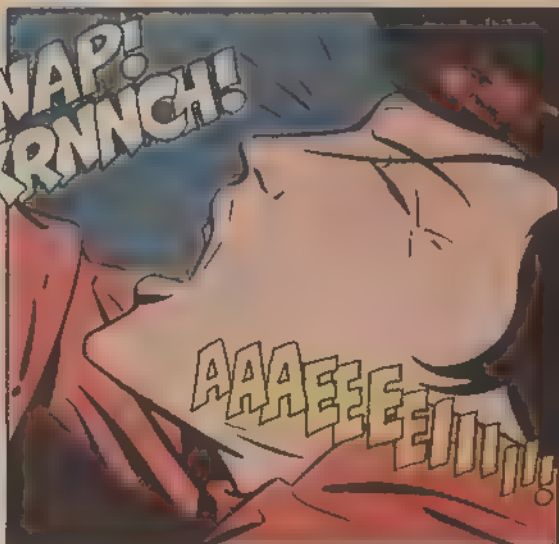
HURRY.
WIDOW, THE
CROCKS ARE
COMING!

BUT HE'S...
WE'RE JUST
GOING UP
THERE?

YES!
HURRY!



OKAY,
BLIT...



NATASHA...?

OOOW...
OH... GOD

IT'S...
OKAY,
JUST...
HURTS.

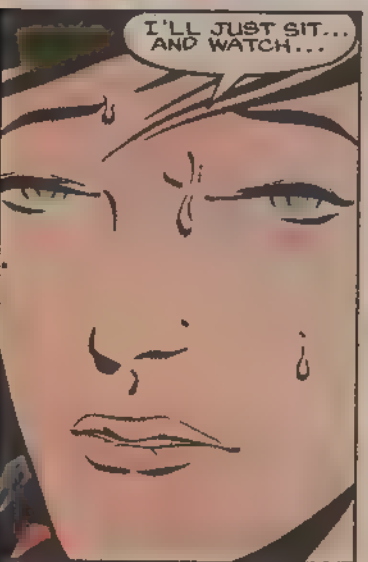
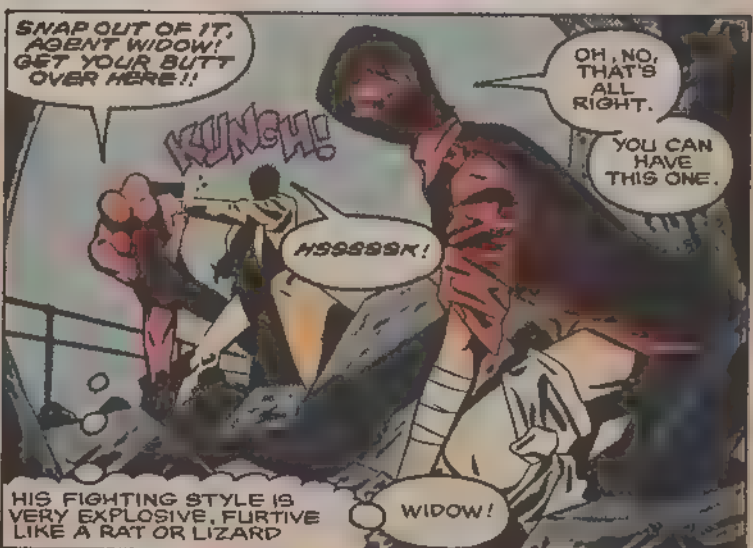
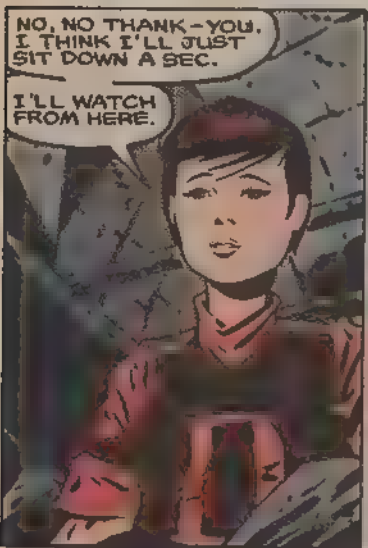
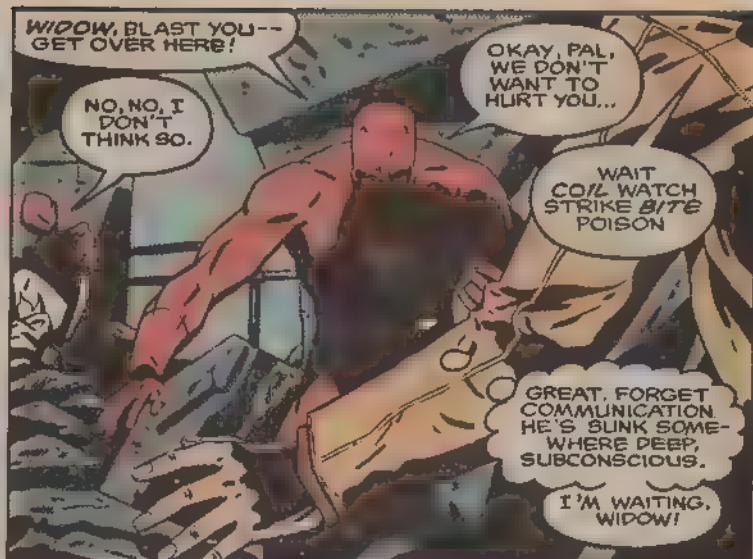
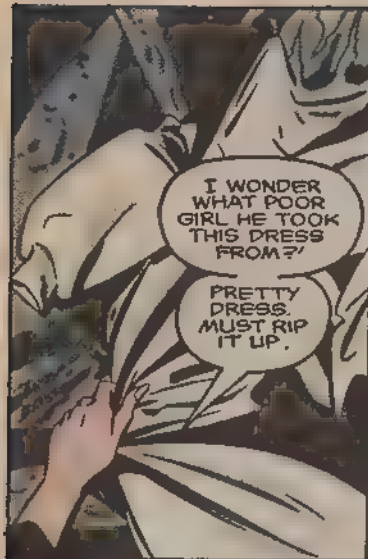


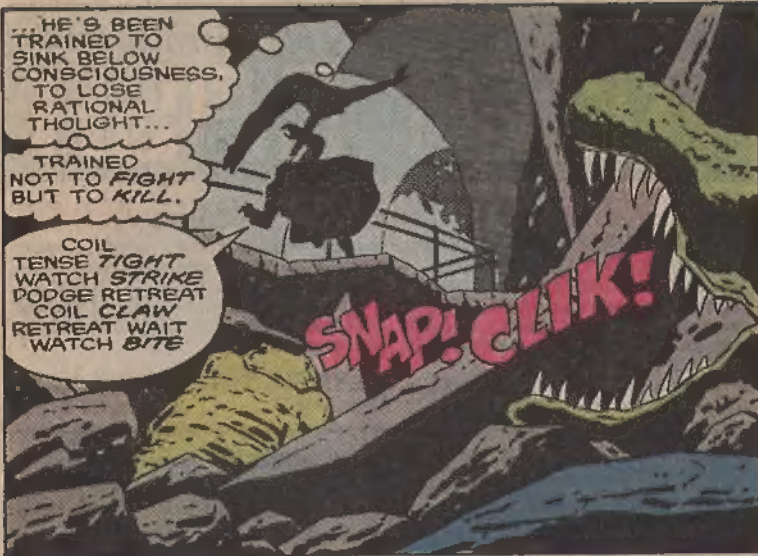
COME ON,
GET UP,
NATASHA!

CATCH IT
LASH IT
REEL IT IN

NO...
HE'S...

UGH,
BLEEDING
WON'T
STOP...





... HE'S BEEN TRAINED TO SINK BELOW CONSCIOUSNESS, TO LOSE RATIONAL THOUGHT...
TRAINED NOT TO FIGHT BUT TO KILL.
COIL
TENSE TIGHT
WATCH STRIKE
DODGE RETREAT
COIL CLAW
RETREAT WAIT
WATCH BITE

SNAP! CLIK!



BETTER CHECK HIS HEARTBEAT AGAIN--IT'S NOT SPEEDING UP! HE'S COMPLETELY CALM!
IT'S FRIGHTENING! COMPLETELY COLD-BLOODED!



I'LL HIT HARDER-- SHOCK HIM!

KR-CHOK!



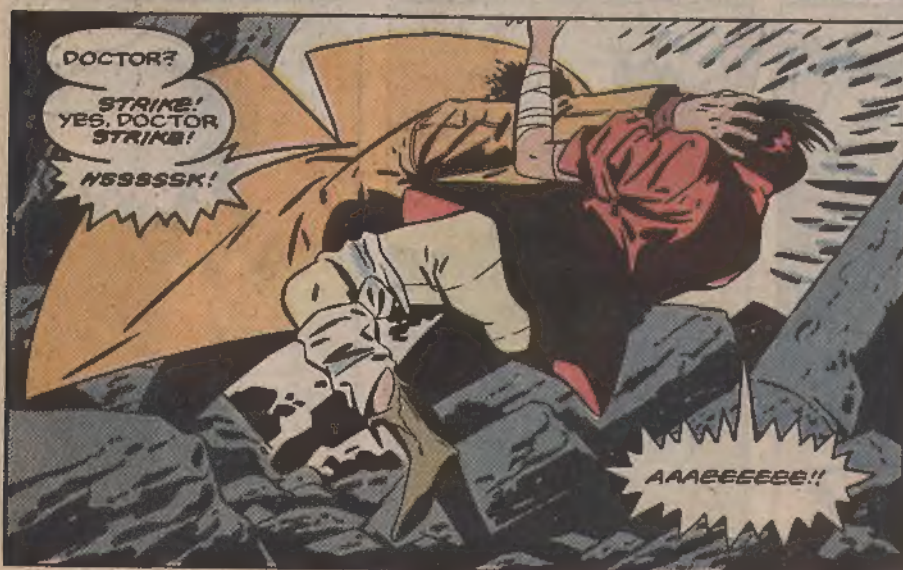
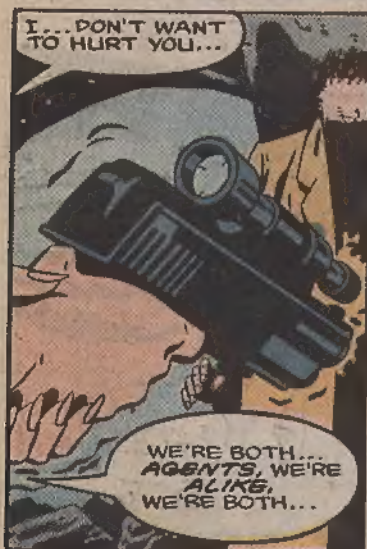
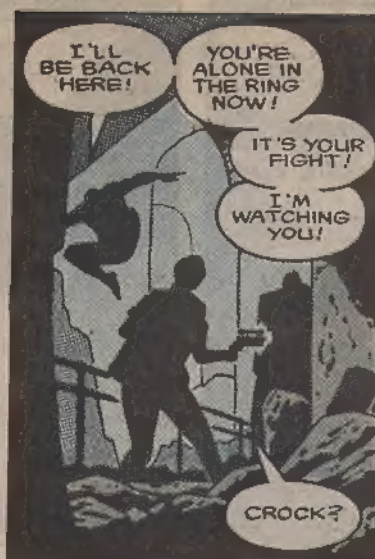
HEHEH. HIT ME? BABY KISS.
HIT ME AGAIN.

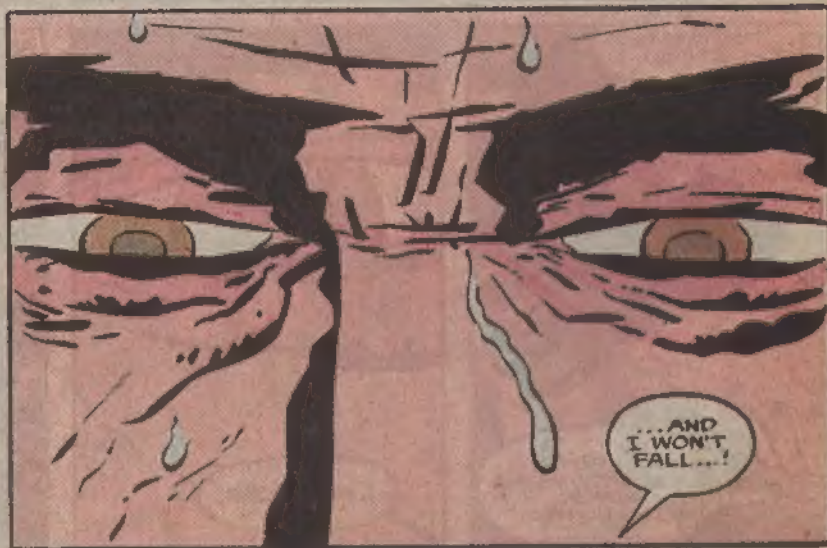


YOUR TURN, WIDOW.
GET IN THERE AND FIGHT! I WON'T DO IT FOR YOU!
I'VE GOT THE GUN...
NO, NATASHA-- DON'T PULL THE TRIGGER!
YOU'VE GOT TO HELP HIM!



YES. THE REPTILE GIRL. HIT ME WITH THE GIRL.
I'D LIKE THAT.







HAZZARD?!

CROCK!

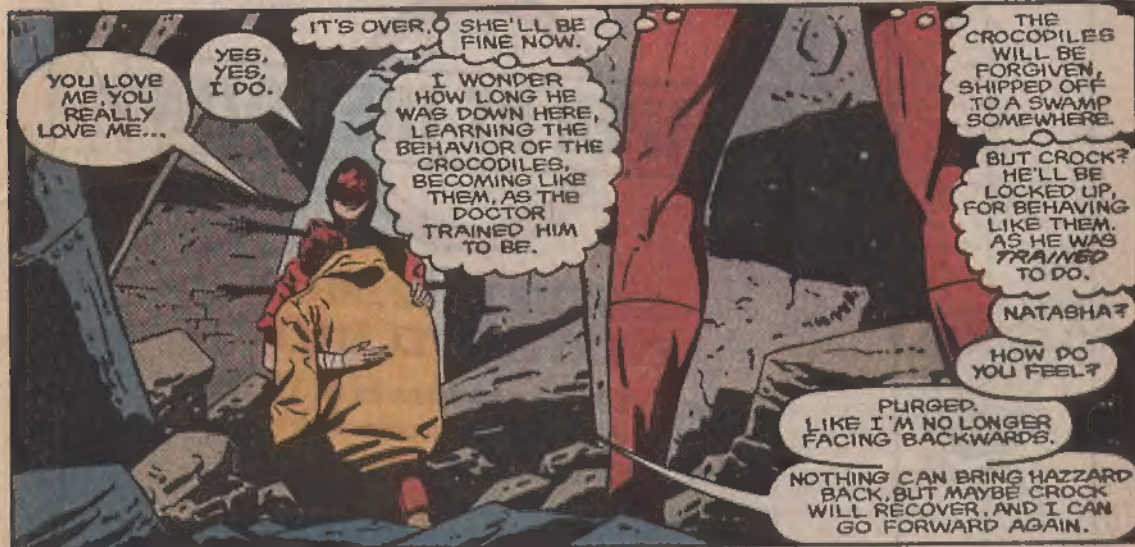


DARLING!?

I'VE
GOT
YOU!



MARY! OH, DARLING,
YOU SAVED ME!



YOU LOVE
ME, YOU
REALLY
LOVE ME...

YES,
YES,
I DO.

IT'S OVER. SHE'LL BE
FINE NOW.

I WONDER
HOW LONG HE
WAS DOWN HERE,
LEARNING THE
BEHAVIOR OF THE
CROCODILES,
BECOMING LIKE
THEM, AS THE
DOCTOR
TRAINED HIM
TO BE.

THE
CROCODILES
WILL BE
FORGIVEN,
SHIPPED OFF
TO A SWAMP
SOMEWHERE.

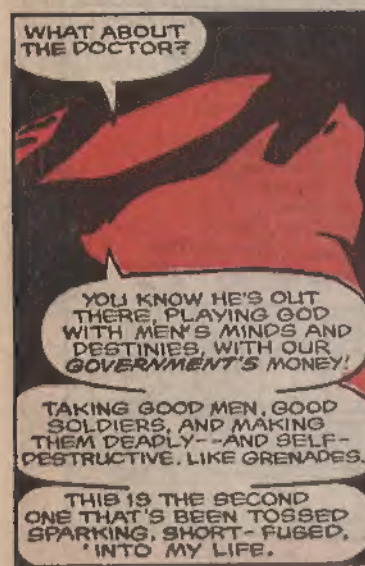
BUT CROCK?
HE'LL BE
LOCKED UP,
FOR BEHAVING
LIKE THEM,
AS HE WAS
TRAINED
TO DO.

NATASHA?

HOW DO
YOU FEEL?

PURGED.
LIKE I'M NO LONGER
FACING BACKWARDS.

NOTHING CAN BRING HAZZARD
BACK, BUT MAYBE CROCK
WILL RECOVER, AND I CAN
GO FORWARD AGAIN.



WHAT ABOUT
THE DOCTOR?

YOU KNOW HE'S OUT
THERE, PLAYING GOD
WITH MEN'S MINDS AND
DESTINIES, WITH OUR
GOVERNMENT'S MONEY!

TAKING GOOD MEN, GOOD
SOLDIERS, AND MAKING
THEM DEADLY--AND SELF-
DESTRUCTIVE, LIKE GRENADES.

THIS IS THE SECOND
ONE THAT'S BEEN TOSSED
SPARKING, SHORT-FUSED,
'INTO MY LIFE.



WHEN WILL YOU BE
READY TO TAKE THE
DOCTOR DOWN,
NATASHA?

SOON.

VERY
SOON.



SNAP!
KLIK!

NEXT: MAJOR CHANGES IN
MATT MURDOCK'S LIFE!
DAREDEVIL MEETS THE
MUTANT-HUNTER BUSH-
WACKER, AND FACES THE
WRATH OF WOLVERINE!!